

KRS-One Lyrics

"Health, Wealth, Self"

Yeah.. yeah.. yup!

You know what? I was just downstairs
and I was on my way up here to the studio and
a guy bumped into me and
and he said.. he said, "Yo Kris!"

How is it that you stay in this music?

You know, this rap music ex-specially for SO.. LONG.. SO.. LONG"
I said, "Well you know years ago I made a deal with the Goddess"

He said, "The Goddess?"

I said, "Well yeah, you might know her as God
but I know her as the Goddess"

The universal mother

The mother of everything you see in existance

I ax-ked her for assistance

in lyrical persistance

and she gave it to me, under one condition

She said, "I'll give you the gift

but use the gift to uplift"

I said, "Okay mom!"

So I tell you the truth, really

Me nah gon' need nuttin else

but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

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In the beginning was the word, the word was made flesh

Knowledge K. Reigns R. Supreme S.

Some of us guess while others of us are blessed

Take heed to the word, that I manifest

I manifest the future, the present, followed by the past

Everything in nature, rules by kickin ass

What they tellin me, but yo, you a friend to me

so I'ma tell you the secrets of MC longevity

Secret one: if it ain't fun, you're done

And about your career, huh, well choose another one

If you don't like what you do, you're through

Lesson two: make sure you got a dope crew

Not some crew, that's like an anchor on a shoe

A MAD CREW, that's of some benefit to you

Lesson three, might be contradictory or funny

but MC's should have OTHER WAYS of gettin money

That's to say learn other things beside music

Make money elsewhere, Hip-Hop you won't abuse it

Too many MC's, just emcee

so their longevity, is based on an Uncle Tom

at the record company

Lesson four: sell your image, never sell a record

Image is respected, records come and go

and get collected

Even the records of platinum artists, that used to rip shop
can be bought, for a quarter at the thrift shop
Which brings me to lesson number five, the illusion
has me thinkin, the minute they drop a record
they'll be cruisin, in the Acura
Slow down! You're still a amateur
What separates the pro from the amateur is stamina
Not how long you can rhyme, but how long you've been rhymin
changin with the times, and findin yourself
still CLIIIIIIIIIIIMbin for wealth
Blow for blow, you're still growin, still showin
(all knowin) now that's a pro at it

Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
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Thank you Mother, I'm out

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